

Stamps & Fand



"He was right, y'know...
but how he fit "Schlickbernd" under
a stamp is a real mystery!"

CLAW & FANG is published monthly by Don Horton, 16 Jordan Court, Sacramento, CA 95826
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 40¢ each. NO SUBSCRIPTION ACCEPTED PAST ISSUE #124. NO GAME OPENINGS.

Cover by Schlickbernd (naturally).

This issue is dedicated to Dave White's cats. See page 9.

WHERE TO FIND YOUR GAME IF THE INSERT ISN'T HERE

If your game is usually on an insert and it fails to fall out of the zine when you pull the staple, it could mean that the Guest GM is sending it out separately, the Guest GM is late, or (rarely--about one person per issue) I overlooked you when sorting inserts. I suggest that you write or call immediately both me and the Guest GM.

If you are in a game that I GM and it is a Winter season only, it will be found in the main zine. (This month on page 5.) This saves me a lot of time. But it also means that I do not run press for winter only seasons.

THE FORUM

This is a column where anyone is welcome to express his opinion or advice on a single subject. I have a subject suggestion from Robert Cheek who writes: "How about correspondence? How long do you keep letters, file them, keep track who you've written, when you wrote, what you wrote, letter forging, photocopying, techniques of sending right letters to wrong country (for deception)." Let's have your views and hints.

AND NOW THE END OF ANOTHER GAME IN CLAW & FANG.

1976EF

GM: FANGMASTER

SUMMER 1922: Italy A Mos R Sev

FALL 1922: ITALY WINS!!!!

FRANCE Chuck Eaton (8): F Eng-Bre*, F NAF* S F Spa(sc)-MAO*, F Lon-Eng*, A Mar*-Pie, A Gas-Dur*, A Tyo S A Mar-Pie /d/ R(Mun,OTB)*, A Boh S A Tyo /d/ R(Mun,OTB)*.

CENTERS: home, smy, bul, bel, lon, edi (6). (7) if one army retreats to Mun.

ITALY David Scott (16, 1 short): F Tun* S F Tyn-WMed*, F Bla* H, A Pie*-Mar, F Por* & F Lyo* S F WMed-Spa(sc)*, A Tus-Ven*, A Tri* S A Ven-Tyo*, A Vie* S A Gal-Boh*, A Ukr* S A Sev-Mos*, A Bud* S A Vie.

CENTERS: home, smy, ank, bul, gre, rum, ser, bud, scv, con, mos, por, tri, vie, SPA, TUN (18).

RUSSIA Larry English (10, 1 short): F StP(nc)-Nwy*, F Hol* H, F Den-Bal*, F NAO* & F Iri* S F ME F Spa(sc)-MAO, A Mun-Ber*, A Sil* S A Lva-War*, A Mos H /d/ R(StP,OTB)*. CENTERS: war, stp, swe, nwy, den, ber, kie, hol, mun, lvp (10)

Congratulations David. This was C&F's longest game. The previous longest ended in 1919. Players present and past please send in your endgame statements. or (9)

THE ANNUAL NORTH AMERICAN ZINE POLL

After last years disappointment, I decided to quit plugging the annual North American Zine Poll. However, David Marshall is distributing the following in his subzine so I am reprinting it here for all to read.

"Incidentally, don't forget to participate in John Leeder's 4th Annual North American Zine and Gamemaster Poll. Rate your zines and GM's (yes, even guest GMs...) on a scale of zero (lousy) to 10 (C&F), sign it, indicate how you relate to the hobby (player, pubber, etc.) and send the whole shebang to Leeder at 121 19th Ave, NE, Calgary, Alberta T2E 1N9, Canada.

"Did I say the deadline for Poll votes was June 30th? Now I have."

THE LONG AWAITED WRAP UP OF 1978CI

The Centers:

	00	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10
AUSTRIA	3	4	5	5	6	6	6	9*	10	12*	14
ENGLAND	3	4	2	0	-						
FRANCE	3	6	7	8	8	10	10	12	14	15	18
GERMANY	3	3	5	6	7	8	8	8	6	4	1
ITALY	3	3	3	4	4	2	2	0	-		
RUSSIA	4	5	7	7	6	5	5	3	3	3	1
TURKEY	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	2	1	0	-

The Players:

GM: Don Horton. AUS Tony Watson. ENG Fred Winter (out F '03). FRA Bruce Schlickbernd (won F '10). GER Craig Reges (dro S '06), David Loewenstein. ITA David Reynolds (out F '07). RUS Jim Fiack. TUR Dave Hunt (dro S '03), Konrad Baumeister (out F '09).

The Players Statements:

BRUCE SCHLICKBERND (France). Have you ever had the feeling of déjà vu...
Have you ever had the feeling of déjà vu...wait a minute!

Have you ever had the feeling of déjà vu? It seems that a couple of years ago in a "press game" run by Rod Walker, I was playing France. After doing in England and then Germany, I convinced the Austrian to attack his Russian ally and the two of us went on to a two-way draw. The Austrian? Tony Watson. With the exceptions that we missed the two-way by three centers and this gamemaster completed the whole game on his own, this was a virtual replay.

When Russia moved against England in the first year, I knew the English player was a lost cause and, like any good Dippy player, ran to grab as much of the loot as I possibly could. Thankfully, the English player and I had been carrying on a rather silly correspondence and he decided to concentrate his defensive forces against Germany and Russia. When England went under, Germany was sandwiched between Russia and myself, who were both slightly stronger than Germany. I was able to convince Craig that even if either of us got off a perfect stab on the other, Russia would side with the weaker and have the strength to defeat the stronger. The weaker then would be easy prey for the Russian, and that would be the end of us both. So, Germany attacked Russia, while I waited until the Italians had committed themselves totally against Austria and then walked into Tunis and then the peninsula itself. About the nicest thing I can say about the Italian is that he is an incredible boor. It was rather an easy decision to attack him.

At this point, Craig Reges dropped out. I felt that I needn't take a chance on the replacement player (David Loewenstein, who played with a certain elan) when I had a proven product (so to speak) in the Austrian player. Besides, how could I pass up such irony? It would be like Dave Lagerson and I getting Germany and France the first two DinkiCons and stomping on Don Horton and Eric Verheiden when we played back-to-back two-way draws. Since Tony's alternative would be to watch my fleets outflank him to the south, I imagine that his decision was rather easy--after all, in Rod Walker's game, I had reached 17 centers first and held up until he reached the draw line even though I could have won. All I insisted was that he attack his Russian ally so as to prevent any collusion between them in the future. This meant that we were pretty much dependent on each other.

Though I was stronger than him at this point, I figured that I would have a tougher time against Germany and things would even up. They didn't. I continued to have a three to four center lead on Tony, and he never asked for a specific draw line or trade of centers (this was certainly possible in Italy--I wrote a letter to him suggesting that I give him Rome and Naples to keep us even, but decided that he would have to ask for himself and tore it up). I never attacked Tony, but I

(continued overleaf)

never stopped attacking Germany. My brother kept harping, "My God! You've got four two-way draws as it is!"--which didn't help things.

Tony, you made the game fun, as always, and I imagine that you figured out that I didn't write sometimes not out of laziness, but to tactfully avoid some subjects (such as that three-way draw with Russia). Jim, well, we didn't waste postage on each other, but I was surprised you never tried to get me to attack Craig. Don, Fangs for the memories...this was the best run game that I have played in for a long, long time.

A rousing bronx cheer to Verheidenpuppets everywhere!

DAVID LOEWENSTERN (Germany). BLAZING BUNKER NEWS SERVICE: An interview with ex-Kaiser Löwenstern.

Blazing Bunker: Mein Kaiser...err...Herr Löwenstern, your government has been blamed for the tragic loss to Monsieur Schlick le Couteau of France and his dogs...

Kaiser: Frogs.

BB: Right. Care to comment?

K: Not really, but since you are paying me 10000 francs in a Swiss account for this interview...Actually, I really could never have saved the government from the murderous, lecherous, snail-eating French, because after all, most of Germany's problems had been left by my predecessor's government.

BB: Isn't it usually the policy of most administrations to blame all troubles on the previous ones?

K: Yes. In this case, however, I feel justified. I was given a weak position in the middle of the path of an advancing France and Austria and a retreating Russia. I didn't have a chance.

BB: Some say that you instigated the war against France.

K: Nonsense! Schlick's excuse for attacking me was that I revitalized the newspaper industry.

Schlick kept being attacked by his own government organs, and so he banned any type of press in France and her conquests. When I started up German newspaper publication(on a monthly basis, yet), he was afraid that the French would demand newspapers too, or at least comic sections, and would revolt. In reality, he knew that he was the only revolting thing in France. If I hadn't started up the paper, he would have found some other excuse.

BB: What do you say to reports that you had been murdered by the dreaded mercenary, Dansk Whorton?

K: Nothing was further from the truth. I was in my study, diligently typing out my final orders, a farewell speech, and an article for the Berlin Untergraud--I have three typewriters...

BB: But you only have two hands; how could you use three typewriters?

K: I can type with my feet...

BB: Which is why the German press has been so stinky lately?

K: At least I don't put my feet in my mouth! Anyway, in bursts. Dansk, his face all blue. Yes, the idiot had forgotten to breathe again. Really, the level of help you get these days...I suppose Schlick's horrible personality makes it impossible for him to hire anyone with enough intelligence to make the logical connection between Schlick, a knife, and the back of the employee...As soon as I revived the poor slave, he ransacked my office...

BB: Which is why no German orders got through last Fall?

K: Right. Stop interrupting. Anyway, I quickly realized that the hideous disgusting, madodorous wretch had forgotten to feed poor Dansk again, so I threw him a piece of raw rat meat.

BB: Did he eat it?

K: He may be stupid, ugly, and dumb but he is still French (or maybe because he is stupid, ugly and dumb he is French?)--he wouldn't eat it until I threw some mushrooms on it.

BB: What about M. le Couteau?

K: I didn't ask him if he wanted to eat it.

BB: I mean, what do you think about him?

K: Well, he's stabhappy, icehearted, cruel, vindictive, ignoble, sadistic, and just plain mean. As such, he certain deserves his win, for he makes an excellent diplomat.

BB: What do you intend to do now that you are retired?

K: I was thinking of organizing a reunion in Argentina...

BB: Wrong war!

K: And I had my heart set for 100% inflation -- it would have made me feel at home...

BB: Thank you for your time, Herr Lowenstern. Perhaps we'll see you again on What's My Line.

K: After that hideous war, I think it should be Where's My Line.

□ □ □ □

1978HK GM: Rod Walker, Alcala, 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas, CA 92024

Winter 1908:

AUSTRIA (Berch): B F Tri.

FRANCE (Stevens): B F Bre

RUSSIA: B A StP.

Spring 1909:

STALEMATE LOOMS AS FRENCH PLUG THE MED! FROG MARINES SWARM INTO LISBON WHILST LEADERLESS WOPS WATCH IN CONSTERNATION. RUSSIANS MASSACRE ITALIAN ALPINE ARMY IN BAVARIA. AUSTRIA IMPERIAL FORCES WALK INTO POLAND AS RUSSIANS RETREAT TO THE "KUTUSOV LINE", AND WALK RIGHT BACK OUT AGAIN.

AUSTRIA: F Tri-Alb, A Gal-War, A Boh-Sil, A Bud-Gal S by A Rum & A Vie.

FRANCE: A Gas-Mar, A Bur S RUSSIAN A Ruh-Mun, F Mid-Por, F NAT-Mid S by F Bre & F Eng, A Kie-Ber, F Nth-Hel.

ITALY (Price): NMR! A Pie, F Lyo, F Spa(sc), A Mar, F NAF, A Trl all /h/, A Mun /h/ /d/.

TURKEY (Shreve): A Sev-Mos, F Bla-Con F Arm-Bla, A Ukr S AUSTRIAN A Gal-War, F Wes /h/, F Con-Smy [NO SUCH UNIT].

FALL 1909 ORDERS are due Thursday, 5 June 1980. Stand-by orders for Italy are requested from: Drake C. Autarch, Apt. 202, 6255 W. Tropicana, Las Vegas, NV 89014. It is the opinion of the GM that a stalemate line has been achieved on both sides and under HR 28b, he considers the game drawn. Any plans for breaking the deadlock (see 28b) and/or votes to continue the game are due with F09 orders. If you unanimously wish to continue, we will, of course. Please note HR29: no vote received is a "no" vote and the "yes" vote would therefore not be unanimous. Comments & other observations are welcome. Please also send player end-game statements, just in case.

SOME WINTER SEASONS

1979AR: Winter 1904 (Italian Army Pie did not have to retreat) Austria removes A Sil and F Adr. England builds F Edi. France builds A Par. Italy NRR GM removes F Tyn. Turkey builds A Smy, F Ank, F Con. Rest even.

1979CV: Winter 1904 Austria NBR will be one short. England builds A Lon. France builds F Bre and F Mar. Italy revokes A Mun. Turkey even.

1980AA: Winter 1901 Austria builds A Vie, A Bud, and F Tri. England builds F Edi, F Lon. France builds F Bre, A Mar. Germany builds A Mun, A Kie. Italy builds F Nap. Russia even. Turkey builds F Con.

In all cases, Spring orders due June 10.

1978HV: Autumn 1904 England A Mos R Iva, Italy F Gre R Alb and A Ven R Rom.

Winter 1904: Austria builds A Vie, A Bud, F Tri. England builds A Edi.

Germany removes F Gas, A Hol. Italy removes F Tyn. Rest even.

(A draw between England and Austria has been proposed.)

After slogging my way through two final exams, two take-home finals, (one of which took thirty hours to complete!) and a paper in lieu of exam, what do I do on the first day of vacation? I type:

POIGNARD 10 -- edited and written by the masochistic diploholic
DAVID LOEWENSTERN, 12002 Audubon Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19116
phone 215-676-3492.

5/7/80

SLEEPWALKING ARMY OF ITALIAN MILITIAMEN SCARE OFF TUSCAN OCCUPATION FORCE. ANOTHER FRENCH FLEET SINKS OFF ENGLISH COAST -- SHIPBUILDERS BETTER GET WITH IT! WHO IS KAISER FRANZ-JOSEPH AND WHY HAS HE TAKEN RUMANIA AND BOHEMIA?

1979CX W'04: A.: B Ftri; F.: B Fbre; R.: BAMOS, Awar.

Spring 1905:

A.(Jim Cassity, 7): AtylSATus-ven, Aven-tri, Ftri-alb, Avie-boh, Abul-rum, Fgre-ion/b.
E.(Scott Copeland, 4): Firi-mat/b, FnwyS G.Fnfh, Flon-eng, Awal-h.
F. (Jerry White, 5): Apie-h, AburSApic, ApicSAbur, FengS/cda Fbre-mat/b.
G.(Paul Sallabedra, 6): Abel-h, FnthS E.Flon-eng, Asil-pru/bdr(gal,mun,otb), Fden-swe, FbalSFkie-ber.
I.(Clark Reynolds, 4): NMR!! Aapu, Arom, Fion, Fsmu all unordered.
R.(Gary Howe, 3): Astp-fin, Amos-lva, AwarSApru-sil, Fber-h/dr(pru,otb) Fcon-aeg, Fbla-con, Aank-arm.

/=fails, a=annihilated, b=bounces, c=cut, d=dislodged, r=retreats, h=holds, B=builds.

+++PRESS+++

PHILADELPHIA: Note that the GM has COAed to Philly. Also:

COA for FRANCE: Gerald White, P.O. Box 3675, Salinas, CA 93912.

GERMAN HIGH COMMAND: Is Russia an evil, destroying horde from the East? Is there a distinct threat to European security from those ravening Cossacks? Is Russia overextended in any area? If you find that the answers to the above questions are JA, OUI, SI and/or YES ((how about DA??)), then write NOW for free information to see what YOU can do about it! Better hurry while this offer (and Germany) still lasts!

LONDON TIMES: We wish to congratulate H. M. Army upon the success of their "Nuclear Testing" in Wales.

CARDIGAN HERALD: Welsh steel workers were saved from bankruptcy last week by a sudden influx of scrap metal found scattered up and down the beaches.

BRISTOL BULLETIN: Apparently we are not alone as a nuclear power. Last Fall the Russians nuked a Turkish Army ((maintains the balance of power)).

SERBIA MORNING STAR: ((AUSTRIAN PRESS)): It takes great moral courage, in this day and age, to stand up to the bullies and bad guys in this world. Our Kaiser provides a perfect model for the people of the world to look up to and strive to become like.

THE ACADEMIC JORNAL OF INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMATIC HISTORY, vol. I, iss.1 (GM PRESS): International historians of the Edwardian age of Europe are currently up in arms after publication of articles proving that the British and the Russians were familiar in 1904 with both atomic weaponry and satellite "spy photos." The proponents of the theory that modern history is bunk, Eneni Mevin of the Hebrew University, Jean Comprenpast of the Sorbonne, I. Doane Grokke of the University of Southern California, and, of course, the spirit of Henry Ford, point to old newspaper articles published by official Russian and British propaganda agencies as their proof that "modern" technology is older than we ever dreamed.

PHILADELPHIA: KIBBITZERS! WE NEED KIBBITZERS!! PLEASE SEND PRESS!! Orders will be due 6/7/80 at 12:00, for Su'05/F'05.

DON: STANDBY FOR ITALY: Paul Goodrich, P.O.Box 34274, Omaha, Nebraska 68134.

MUTTERINGS

'Zine Reviews by David D. Perlmutter

Well, here we meet again. I have always had a theory that the only people in the hobby who read this column are Konrad Baumeister, Gary Coughlan and, maybe, Don himself. Since this is most likely the case I have a few personal messages to make. Konrad, yes you are correct on that point, but if she said she was on the pill then it really was not your fault, right? Gary, no way, we should wait to put out the fake Diplomacy World until after June. Don, too bad, I'm sorry to hear you will be folding after next issue. OK, now to work.

RETALIATION, published monthly by Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N., Rockville, MD 20854. Subscription rate \$4/10 issues. Game fees \$3-\$4.

Retaliation is yet another of the up and scumming (oops, I mean up and coming) East Coast Babies. Like most of these newcomers, it has an air of freshness to it that some of the older 'zines lack. The quality is hard to describe but I think it is that the longer a person publishes, the more regimented he gets to be. He seems to follow a certain formula like Title/Introduction/Editorial/Games/Letters/Comments from issue to issue. Dick, on the other hand, has so much energy he bounces off the edges of the paper.

Examples of this energy abound. Dick always has a humorous article on play of the game. He has many inciteful comments on the hobby like his should-be-famous remark about all those fake Volkers "Is it that Bob Arnett puts out a more regular fake than everyone else, this writerwonders". Dick likes very much to add his own press to games and that is good for laughs as long as the players don't mind. Sometimes he makes Quick Comments on the progress of a game. He is always wrong (well, maybe a few lucky guesses) but it is still fun to read. More than all that, he seems truly interested in the 'zine. Unlike some publishers who never give any indication of owning more paper than what they pub their zine on, Dick is always writing to players to answer questions and sending out mini 'zines to announce new games. My recommendation, if you have a few bucks--sub.

PERLMUTTER RATING... $(\frac{1}{2}\$+)$

THE DOGS OF WAR, published monthly by John Daly and his sweetheart, Betty Loflin. Subscription rate \$3.50/ten issues. Game fee \$2.00.

Once again the East is red. Red-Letter that is. John is yet another of the Easterners. Here, too, there is an air of freshness. Every issue has plenty of jokes, anecdotes, information and a general good time for all. John, Dick Martin, and Jack Brawner of Flying Dutchman fame have shown their interest in the welfare of the hobby by forming a foundling home for orphan games. Its bulletin is (yes, you could have guessed) The Flying Dogs of Retaliation. John's own 'zine will never win any prizes, never be a subject of controversy and most likely never fold. This I think is important. The Dogs is a 'zine that will survive, and in this business, that perhaps is the greatest plus.

PERLMUTTER RATING... $(\frac{1}{2}\$-)$

A few quick comments. Bernie Oaklyn scolded me for my review of FDLDD. He has then proceeded to send me umpteen back issues and also sends me all new issues though I never subbed. While I am greatful for the issues I am quite pissed off by his criticism. Reading over my review I still feel that I was not really critical at all, and sometimes praising of his mag.

On another front, Andy Lischett's Cheesecake is a good bet for a great 'zine. You'll love his printing and mini-fakes of other 'zines.

On still another front (I'm being surrounded, aren't I?), I do not deny my praise of Emhain Macha, but Mike has of late been going overboard in his Irish-emphesis, so if you are one of the 200,000,000 odd Americans who don't care in the least what goes on in Northern Ireland, then make your voice felt in his letter column. In other words, bring up other more exciting subjects like the price of Waterdogs (Bob

(continued overleaf)

Arnett?). Lastly, I wish to say thank you, Don Horton, who has let me impose my innane thoughts on your heads.

One last note. I have in my times seen some people who show promise. Thus, now I make my predictions of who within the next year or two will become publishers. They are Vernon (Mr. Variant) Schaller, Jack (Hoax) Masters, Gary (Long-Letter) Coughlan, Keith (Always in contact) Mercer, and last, but not least, David (Master Race) Perlmutter. I wish these brave souls the fortitude to bring to life my prediction.

[] [] [] [] May 3, 1980

A modest flat in the West End

Dear Mr. Horton,

It is with great pleasure that I attempt to restore a proper note of British sobriety to your Demonstration Game analysis by famous writers. Although, as you know, my lifetime subscription to CLAW & FANG expired some years ago, I can think of no clear way to explain how I am writing this so I shall only hope that your average reader is sufficiently out of touch with the real world as to be unaware of my demise. Considering that we are dealing for the most here with students who have nothing better to do on Friday night than play with coloured thumbtacks, and professional people who can spare 20 hours a week indulging their power fantasies, I feel that I am making a reasonable supposition.

Sincerely,
/s/ Agatha

Dame Agatha Christie

Analysis of Demo Game 79CT

Chapter 9--Deduction on the Danube by Dame Agatha Christie

The halls of the Schonbrunn were ominously silent, only the "kop-kop" of the sedate treat of footsteps on marble echoing through the otherwise silent chambers. The six distinguished foreign visitors were ushered into the "Vieux-Lacque" room with a short, formal greeting from the small, neatly attired stranger. (Yes, I realize that a more proper setting would be the Blue Drawing Room or even the Grand Gallery--however, I would not wish to have the extent of my research go unnoticed.)

"You are probably wondering why I have called each of you yere," the small man began when all were seated. Most had already guessed that the presence of the body of the Hapsburg monarch, sprawled across the inlaid wooden floral pattern in the middle of the floor, suggested they were not here to sample the famous Viennese pastries. Three nasty jagged tears surrounded by large bloodstains, one on each side and one in the back defiled his otherwise dazzling gold and white tunic. The visitors settled naturally into two groups. MacNeil, Kruger, and l'Ouef flanked by Terrazeni, SouvlaBey & Otrar, the hulking Russian,

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Hercule Poirot, famous Belgian detective. And I know who committed this most evil crime!" He wheeled and theatrically pointed a stubby finger directly at MacNeil. "Consider your position, sir. At first it would seem that your moves would have little direct effect on the Austrians--but consider what you did and did not do, who you chose to speak to and what you said, where you..."

"Oh shove it, you stupid Froggy twit," MacNeil growled sharply--

"Not French, Belgian" Poirot retorted.

"Actually, the last time I looked," interrupted l'Ouef with that charming smile all had grown to despise, "The Belgians were French." As he gracefully crossed his legs and smoothed the crease of his immaculate red trousers he certainly gave the impression he expected no change the next time he looked, either.

"Whatever," snarled MacNeil, "I haven't had anything to do with Austria, I haven't been anywhere near Austria, as for subtle strategy, my country's troop movements haven't even made any sense to me, and furthermore--"

(continued on page 9)

"Enough! Enough!" Poirot shot back peeishly, raising a hand for silence, "No need to get so testy. So you are not the one. Big deal. I admit it was a bit of a guess. Alors! Some people are so sensitive!"

Kruger shook his head slowly. l'Ouef chuckled softly. Terrazeni pointedly glanced at his watch. Souva Bey gazed straight ahead, impassive as always.

"Not being professional detectives," Poirot continued undeterred, "Your untrained eyes have probably missed a subtle clue here. There is more than one wound! What this tells us is important--mainly..." pausing to build suspense, "the murderer probably..." all were growing tense..."HAD THREE HANDS!"

l'Ouef could contain himself no longer, and fell to the floor clutching his sides in laughter. Terrazeni and Otrar merely cast their eyes heavenward. Only Souvla Bey neither shifted a muscle nor changed expression.

Realizing he had once again somewhat missed the mark, Poirot composed himself for yet another try. His suspicious glance fell upon the unblinking stare of the Turk.

"You have been awfully quiet here, mon ami. It all becomes clear, now! Constables! Arrest this man!" But as the Belgian clamped a hand on the Ottoman's shoulder the latter pitched to the floor--quite dead. Protruding from his back were a Neopolitan dagger and a Cossack Sabre. Otrar cast an anxious glance across the divan at Terrazeni, who smiled back reassuringly. He had dealt with Poirot before.

"So," the detective pointed skyward, "We have our answer at last. Gypsies! This case is solved. Thank you, you are all free to go."

End of Chapter Nine

THE DIPLOMAT'S OTHER TABLE

Yorkshire Pudding by Scott Rich

1 cup water & milk

2 eggs

beat/mix well. Add

1 cup flour

1 tsp salt

beat until smooth. Set aside for 30 minutes.

Heat oven to 450° F.

Several tablespoons of meat fat/meat drippings into muffin tins (bread pans or other narrow containers ok, but not pie tins).

Bake for 20 to 30 minutes.

...cooking oil instead of fat doesn't work so well, but easier to wash afterwards.

The Cat's Meow--A Logic Problem by Dave White

Dave White has four cats. Alphabetically, their names are Clawed, Fred, Harvey, and Jeremiah; three are female, one male. Each is colored differently: (in no particular order) black and white, black and orange striped, black and orange spotted, and, finally, grey and black striped. Each of them, through some unfortunate accident (which all occurred before he got them) also has a distinguishing defect: bent tail, missing hind leg, missing half a tail, and missing a front paw. By the clues below, determine the name, color, defect, and order in which they were acquired.

1. The first two cats acquired have nothing wrong with their tails; the last two have nothing wrong with their paws.
2. Jeremiah and the fourth cat are both black and orange.
3. The third cat's tail is not bent, and he is not Fred.
4. The black and white cat, which is not Clawed, is missing her front paw.
5. Harvey is not striped and is not missing anything.
6. Clawed came before the black and orange spotted cat and after the black and orange striped cat.
7. Fred came after the cat missing her hind leg but before the grey and black striped cat. (Answer next month.)

R'lyeh 4.11

8 May 1980

GM: Eric Verheiden; 200 S. Azusa Ave., #2; Azusa, CA 91702
Phone: (213) 334-3149 (eves.)

1979 CT Claw & Fang Demo Invitational

Fall 1904 Italy and Russia Square Off -- Turkey Caught Between

England (Palter): A Lon-Yor, F Hol-Hel, F Nth S F Den, F Den H
France (Reese): F Nwg-Bar, F Eng H, A Bel-Hol, A Bur-Mun,
A Kie S A Bur-Mun, A Ruh S A Bur-Mun, F Spa sc H
Germany (Bingle*): (Sum '04: A Kie R Ber) A Ber H, F Mid-For
Italy (Ditter): A Tri-Bud, A Vie S A Tri-Bud, A Ser S A Tri-Bud,
A Ven-Tyo, F Alb-Gre, F Ion S F Alb-Gre, F Eas-Aeg
Russia (Cusack): F Bar S A Nwy, A Nwy H, A Swe-Den, F Ska S
A Swe-Den, A Sil-Boh, A Bul (R Gal, Rum, otb)-Ser,
A Rum-Bul, F Bla S A Rum-Bul, A Con-Smy, A Arm S A Con-Smy
Turkey (Harley): A Bul (A)-Rum, A Bul (A) S ITALIAN A Ser-Bul?,
F Ae-Con

Winter 1904 and, if possible, Spring 1905 orders are due on
7 June 1980. Don Bingle did not submit orders, neutral orders
were used for his position. Will Arnold Vagts; 3713 S. Parton St.;
Santa Ana, CA 92707 please submit standby spring orders?

Peter Reese says he will be on vacation from May 9-26.

Supply Centers

England: Home, Den (4) Even.
France: Home, Spa, Mun, Bel, Yff, Hol, Kie (8) Build one
Germany: Ber, Xif, ApL, For (2) Even (1 annl. S'04)
Italy: Home, Tun, Tri, Vie, Ser, Bud, Gre (9) Build two
Russia: Home, Swe, Nwy, Rum, Ank, Bla, Epa, Bul, Smy (10) Even
Turkey: Sif, Yff, Bla, Con (1) Even (2 annl. F'04)

Press

Paris-Moscow: That move to Silesia wasn't particularly friendly,
but the French Navy promises to repay the move in the same spirit
by an excursion to St. Petersburg in the near future.

Rome: Sorry, Scott, but your unwillingness to puppet has left me
little choice. Sooner or later we would come to battle.

London-Paris: You're a genius.

London-Narvik: Some show huh?

Schlickbernd runs amuck. See pages 1,3, and 4 of
CLAW & FANG #114 sent your way by

Don Horton
16 Jordan Ct.,
Sacramento, CA 95826



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